

for the more he drinkith, ay
The more he levethe, the soth to say.
This is the thurst of fals geting,
That last ever in coveiting,
And the anguisshe and distresse
With the fire of gredinesse.
She fighteth with him ay, and stryveth,
That his herte asondre ryveth;
Such gredinesse him assaylith,
That whan he most hath, most he faylith.

PHISICIENS and advocates
Gon right by the same yates;
They selle hir science for winning,
And haunte hir crafte for greet geting.
Hir winning is of such swetnesse,
That if a man falle in sikenesse,
They are ful glad, for hir encrese;
for by hir wille, withoute lees,
Everiche man shulde be seke,
And though they dye, they set not a leke.
After, whan they the gold have take,
ful litel care for hem they make.
They wolde that fourty were seke at onis,
Ye, two hundred, in flesh and bonis,
And yit two thousand, as I gesse,
for to encrese her richesse.
They wol not worchen, in no wyse,
But for lucre and coveityse;
for fysyk ginneth first by fy,
The fysycien also sothely;
And sithen it goth fro fy to ay;
To truste on hem, it is foly;
for they nil, in no maner gree,
Do right nought for charitee.

EKE in the same secte are set
Alle tho that prechen for to get
Worshipes, honour, and richesse.
Her hertis am in greet distresse,
That folk ne live not holily.
But aboven al, specially,
Sich as prechen for veynglorie,
And toward God have no memorie,
But forth as ypocrites trace,
And to her soules deth purchase,
And outward shewen holynesse,
Though they be fulle of cursidnesse.
Not liche to the apostles twelve,
They deceyve other and hemselfe;
Bigyled is the gyler than.
for preching of a cursed man,
Though it to other may profyte,
Himsilf availeth not a myte;
for oft good predicacioun
Cometh of evel entencioun.
To him not vailith his preching,
Al helpe he other with his teching;
for where they good ensauple take,
There is he with veynglorie shake.
But lat us leven these prechoures,
And speke of hem that in her toures
Hepe up her gold, and faste shette,
And sore theron her herte sette.
They neither love God, ne drede;

They kepe more than it is nede,
And in her bagges sore it binde,
Out of the sonne, and of the winde;
They putte up more than nede ware,
Whan they seen pore folk forfare,
for hunger dye, and for cold quake;
God can wel vengeance theroft take.
Thre gret mischeves hem assailith,
And thus in gadring ay travaylith;
With moche peyne they winne richesse;
And drede hem holdith in distresse,
To kepe that they gadre faste;
With sorwe they leve it at the laste;
With sorwe they bothe dye and live,
That to richesse her hertis yive,
And in defaute of love it is,
As it shewith ful wel, ywis,
for if these gredy, the sothe to seyn,
Loveden, and were loved ageyn,
And good love regned over alle,
Such wikkidnesse ne shulde falle;
But he shulde yeve that most good had
To hem that weren in nede bistad,
And live withoute fals usure,
for charitee ful clene and pure.
If they hem yeve to goodnesse,
Defending hem from ydelnesse,
In al this world than pore noon
We shulde finde, I trowe, not oon.
But chaunged is this world unstable;
for love is overal vendable.
We see that no man loveth now
But for winning and for prow;
And love is thralled in servage
Whan it is sold for avauntage;
Yit wommen wol hir bodies selle;
Suche soules goth to the devel of helle.

Here is lacking from 5170 of the French to 10717 of the same.

WHAN Love had told hem his entente,
The baronage to councel wente;
In many sentences they fille,
And dyversly they seide hir wille;
But aftir discord they accorded,
And hir accord to Love recorded.
Sir, seiden they, we been at oon,
By even accord of everichoon,
Outtake Richesse alonly,
That sworn hath ful hauteynly,
That she the castel nil assaile,
Ne smyte a stroke in this bataile,
With dart, ne mace, spere, ne knyf,
for man that spekethe or bereth the lyf,
And blameth your empryse, ywis,
And from our hoost departed is,
At leeste wey, as in this plyte,
So hath she this man in dispyte;
for she seith he ne loved hir never,
And therfor she wol hate him ever.
for he wol gadre no tresore,
He hath hir wrath for evermore.

He agiltte hir never in other caas,
Lo, here al hoolly his trespass!
She seith wel, that this other day
He asked hir leve to goon the way
That is clepid Comchoche Yeving,
And spak ful faire in his praying;
But whan he prayde hir, pore was he,
Therfore she warned him the entree.
Ne yit is he not thriven so
That he hath geten a peny or two,
That he quytly is his owne in hold.

RICHESSE us alle told;
And whan Richesse us this recorded,
Withouten hir we been accorded.
And we finde in our accordaunce,
That false Semblant and Abstinaunce,
With alle the folk of hir bataile,
Shulle at the hinder gate assaile,
That with his Tunge hath in keping,
With his Normans, fulle of jangling,
And with him Curtesie and Largesse,
That shulle shewe hir hardinesse
To the olde wyf that kepeth so harde
Fair Welcoming within hir warde.
Fonde Shame adoun to bringe;
With al hir hoost, erly and late,
They shulle assaillen thilke gate.

GAYNES Drede shal Hardinesse
Assaile, and also Sikernesse,
With al the folk of hir leding,
That never wist what was fleing.

RACHYSE shal fighte, and eek
Pitee,
With Daunger ful of crueltee.
Thus is your hoost ordeyned wel;
Down shal the castel every del,
If everiche do his entente,
So that Venus be presente,
Your modir, ful of vassalage,
That can ynough of such usage;
Withouten hir may no wight spede
This werk, neither for word ne dede.
Therfore is good ye for hir sende,
for thurgh hir may this werk amende.

ORDINGES, my modir, the god-
desse,
That is my lady, and my mais-
tresse,
Nis not at al at my willing,
Ne doth not al my desyring.
Nis she somtyme doon labour,
Whan that hir lust, in my socour,
Al my nedis for to acheve,
But now I thanke hir not to greve.
My modir is she, and of childhede;
I bothe worshipe hir, and eek drede;
for who that dredith sire ne dame
Shal it aby in body or name.
And, natheles, yit cunne we
Sende aftir hir, if nede be;
And were she nigh, she comen wolde,

I trowe that nothing might hir holde.
MY modir is of greet prowesse;
She hath tan many a fortresse,
That cost bath many a pound er this,
Ther I nas not present, ywis;
And yit men seide it was my dede;
But I come never in that stede;
Ne me ne lykith, so mote I thee,
Such toures take withoute me.

forwhy me thenketh that, in no wyse,
It may ben cleped but marchandise.
O bye a courser, blak or whyte,
And pay therfor; than art thou quyte.
The marchaunt oweth thee right
nought,

Ne thou him, whan thou hast it bought.
I wol not selling clepe yeving,
for selling axeth no guerdoning;
Here lyth no thank, ne no meryte,
That oon goth from that other al quyte.
But this selling is not semblable;
for, whan his hors is in the stable,
He may it selle ageyn, pardee,
And winne on it, such hap may be;
Al may the man not lese, ywis,
for at the leest the skin is his.
Or elles, if it so bityde
That he wol kepe his hors to ryde,
Yit is he lord ay of his hors.

AT thilke chaffare is wel wors,
There Venus entremeteth nought;
for whoso such chaffare hath
bought,
He shal not worchen so wysly,
That he ne shal lese al outerly
Bothe his money and his chaffare;
But the seller of the ware
The prys and profit have shal.
Certeyn, the byer shal lese al;
for he ne can so dere it bye
To have lordship and ful maistrye,
Ne have power to make letting
Neither for yift ne for preching,
That of his chaffare, maugre his,
Another shal have as moche, ywis,
If he wol yeve as moche as he,
Of what contrey so that he be;
Or for right nought, so happe may,
If he can flater hir to hir pay.
Ben than suche marchaunts wyse?
No, but fooles in every wyse,
Whan they bye such thing wilfully,
Theras they lese her good fully.
But natheles, this dar I saye,
My modir is not wont to paye,
for she is neither so fool ne nyce,
To entremete hir of sich vyce.
But truste wel, he shal paye al,
That repente of his bargeyn shal,
Whan Poverte put him in distresse,
Al were he scolar to Richesse,
That is for me in gret yerning,
Whan she assenteth to my willing.